

JOSHUA.

SACRED DRAMA.

As it is perform'd at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Covent-Garden*.

Set to Musick by GEORGE-FREDERICK-HANDELL, Esq;

-----*Victorque volentes*
Per Populos dat Jura, viamque affestat Olympo. Virg.



D U B L I N:

Printed by E. BATE in *George's-Lane*,
For ABRAHAM BRADLEY Bookseller, at the *Two*
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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JOSHUA.

CALEB.

OTHNIEL.

ACHSAH, Caleb's *Daughter.*

ANGEL.

CHORUS.

High-Priest, Priests, Chiefs, Elders, *and*
Attendants.



JOSHUA

DUBLIN:

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J O S H U A.

S A C R E D D R A M A.

P A R T I.

JOSHUA, CALEB, OTHNIEL, ACHSAH, High-Priest,
Priests, Chiefs and Elders of Israel.

CHORUS of Israelites *after the miraculous passage of
the Jordan, and entrance into Canaan.*

YE sons of Israel, every tribe attend,
Let grateful songs, and hymns to heav'n ascend :
In Gilgal, and on Jordan's banks proclaim
One first, one great, one Lord JEHOVAH's name.

JOSHUA.

Behold, my friends, what vast rewards are giv'n
To all the just, who place their faith in heav'n !
Oh ! had your ~~sins~~ obey'd divine command,
They too, like you, had reach'd the promis'd land ;
But rebels to the laws, th' Almighty gave,
They in the desert, met an early grave.

A 2

CALEB.

CALEB.

O *Joshua*, both to rule and bless ordain'd ;
 When *Moses* the eternal mansions gain'd,
 What boundless gratitude to heav'n we owe,
 Who did in thee, a chief so wise bestow ?
 Courage, and conduct shine in thee complete,
 Justice, and mercy fill thy judgment-seat.

A I R.

*O first in wisdom, first in pow'r,
 Jehova ev'ry blessing show'r
 Around thy sacred head !
 The neighb'ring realms with envy see
 The happiness, and liberty,
 O'er all thy people spread.*

ACHSAH.

Matrons, and Virgins, with unweary'd pray'r,
 Solicit heav'n for thee, their fav'rite care.
 The first law-giver broke th' Egyptian chain ;
 And by thy hallow'd aid, we Canaan gain.

A I R.

*Oh ! who can tell, Oh ! who can hear
 Of Egypt, and not shed a tear ?
 Or, who will not on Jordan smile,
 Releas'd from bondage on the Nile ?*

JOSHUA.

Caleb, attend to all I now prescribe ;
 One righteous man select from ev'ry tribe,
 To bear twelve stones from the divided flood,
 Where the priests feet, and holy Cov'nant stood ;
 In *Gilgal* place them : hence twelve more provide,
 And fix them in the bosom of the tide :
 These when our sons shall view with curious eye,
 Thus the historic columns shall reply :

C H O R U S.

*To long posterity we here record
 The wond'rous passage, and the land restor'd :
 In watry heaps affrighted Jordan stood,
 And backward to the fountain roll'd his flood.*

JOSHUA. A I R.

*While Kedron's brook to Jordan's stream
 Its silver tribute pays ;
 Or while the glorious sun shall beam
 On Canaan golden rays ;
 So long the memory shall last
 Of all the tender mercies past.*

S C E N E

J O S H U A

SCENE II.

OTHNIEL. [*Angel appearing.*]

But, who is he?---tremendous to behold!
A form divine in panoply of gold!
With dignity of mien, and stately grace,
He moves in solemn, slow, majestic pace;
His auburn locks his comely shoulders spread,
A sword his hand, a helmet fits his head;
His warlike visage, and his sparkling eye
Bespeak a hero, or an angel nigh.

A I R.

*Awful, pleasing being, say
If from heav'n thou wing'st thy way?
Deign to let thy servant know,
If a friend, or pow'rful foe?*

ANGEL.

Joshua, I come commission'd from on high,
The captain of the host of God am I;
Loose from thy feet thy shoes, for all around,
The place, whereon thou stand'st, is holy ground.

JOSHUA.

Low on the earth, Oh! prostrate let me bend,
And thy behests with reverence attend.

ANGEL. RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

Leader of *Israel*, 'tis the Lord's decree,
That *Jericho* must fall, and fall by thee;
The tyrant king, and all his heathen train,
At their own idol-altars shall be slain;
Th' embattell'd walls, and tow'rs, that reach the sky,
Shall perish, and in dusty ruin lie;
Scatter'd in air, their ashes shall be tost,
The place, the name, and all remembrance lost.

JOSHUA.

To give command, prerogative is thine;
And humbly to obey, the duty's mine. [*Angel disappears.*]

A I R.

*Haste, Israel, haste, your glitt'ring arms prepare,
With valour abounding
The city surrounding,
Deal doath and dreadful war.*

CHORUS.

*The Lord commands, and Joshua leads,
Jericho falls, the tyrant bleeds.*

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE

OTHNIEL, ACHSAH.

OTHNIEL. *RECITATIVE accompanied.*

In these blest scenes, where constant pleasure reigns,
And herds, and bleating flocks, adorn the plains:
Where the soft season all its blessings sheds,
Refreshing rivers, and enamell'd meads;
Here, in the covert of some palm-tree shade,
Direct me, love, to *Achfah*, blooming maid.

ACHSAH.

O *Othniel*, *Othniel*.

OTHNIEL.

'Tis my name I hear!

Othniel, in melting accents strikes my ear.

ACHSAH. A I R.

O *Othniel*, *Othniel*, *valiant youth*,
May heav'n reward thy love and truth!

OTHNIEL.

'Tis *Achfah's* voice; who, but that heav'nly fair,
Could breathe so tender, and so sweet a pray'r?

ACHSAH.

But see! he comes—he heard, and knows his pow'r.

OTHNIEL.

Hail! lovely virgin of this blissful bow'r;
How sweet the music of thy tuneful tongue!

ACHSAH.

These praises to the feather'd choir belong.

A I R.

Hark! 'tis the linnet, and the thrush
In dulcet notes
They pour their throats,
And wake the morn on ev'ry bush:
From morn to eve they chaunt their love,
And fill with melody the grove.

OTHNIEL.

O *Achfah*, form'd for ev'ry chaste delight,
T'inspire the virtuous thought, and charm the sight
Thy presence gilds this variegated scene,
To the green olive adds a brighter green;
White to the lilly, blushes to the rose,
With deeper red the rich pomegranate glows;
The fruits their flavour, flow'rs their odours prove,
And here we taste true liberty and love.

DUET.

*The years our vernal circle move,
And still the same, Like Othneil's love,
 Like Achsah's love,*

OTHNIEL.

The trumpet calls; now *Jericho* shall know
What 'tis to have a lover for her foe.
The city conquer'd, I shall hope to find
Thy father *Caleb*, like his *Achsah* kind.

CHORUS.

*May all the host of heav'n attend him round,
And Angels waft him back with conquest crown'd!*

PART II.



PART

CHORUS



JOSHUA.

PART II.

SCENE, *before Jericho.*

JOSHUA, CALER, OTHNIEL, ACHSAH, High-Priest,
Chiefs, Elders, &c. *The Priests bearing the Ark of the Co-
venant.*

JOSHUA.

TIS well; six times the Lord hath been obey'd;
Low in the dust the town shall soon be laid.
Now the seventh sun the gilded domes adorns,
Sound the shrill trumpets, shout, and blow the horns.

[A solemn march during the Circumvection of the ARK.]

CHORUS.

THAT *[The walls of Jericho falling.*
Glory to God! the strong-cemented walls,
The tottering tow'rs, the pond'rous ruin falls:
The nations tremble at the dreadful sound,
Heav'n thunders, tempests roar, and groans the ground.

CALER

CALEB.

The walls are levell'd, pour the chosen bands,
 With hostile gore imbrue your thirsty hands;
 Set palaces and temples in a blaze,
 Sap the foundations, and the bulwarks raze:
 But Oh I remember in the bloody strife,
 To spare the hospitable *Rahab's* life.

A I R.

See the raging flames arise!
Hear, the dismal groans, and Cries!
The fatal day of wrath is come,
Proud Jericho hath met her doom.

ACHSAH. A I R.

To vanity, and earthly pride,
How short a date is giv'n!
The firmest rock, that shall abide,
Is confidence in heav'n.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E II. *The Passover.*

JOSHUA, CALEB, OTHNIEL, ACHSAH, High-Priest,
 Priests, Chiefs, Elders, and a full assembly of the People.

JOSHUA.

Let all the seed of *Abrah'm* now prepare
 To celebrate this feast, with pious care.
 Ages unborn, by this example led,
 Shall bleed the lamb, and bake unleaven'd bread.

C H O R U S.

Almighty ruler of the skies,
Accept our vows, and sacrifice;
Thy mercy did with Israel dwell,
When the first barn of Egypt fell.

But oh! what wonders did the Lord
At the Red-Sea to us afford!
He made our passage on dry ground,
While Pharaoh, and his host were drown'd.

He thro' the dreary desert led,
He slak'd our thirst, with manna fed:
His glory did on Sinai shine,
When we receiv'd the law divine.

S C E N E III.

JOSHUA, CALEB.

CALEB.

Joshua, the men dispatch'd by thee to learn
The strength of Ai, and country to discern;

Elate with pride, deluded by success,
 Despis'd their pow'r, and made the people less.
 Easy of faith, we trust what they relate,
 And now the hasty error, find too late ;
 Our troops with shame repuls'd !---Oh fatal day !
 Hark ! *Israel* mourns ; triumphs the king of *Si*.

Chorus of the defeated Israelites.

*How soon our tow'ring hopes are cross'd !
 The foe prevails, our glory's lost !
 Again shall Israel bondage know,
 Oh ! sheath the sword, unbend the bow.*

JOSHUA.

Whence this dejection ? rouse your coward hearts ;
 Let courage edge your swords, and point your darts.
 Remember *Jericho* ! and sure success
 Shall crown your arms ; the Lord our cause will bless.

A I R.

*With redoubled rage return,
 Ev'ry breast with fury burn ;
 And the heathen soon shall feel
 The force of your avenging steel.*

C H O R U S.

*We with redoubled rage return,
 All our breasts with fury burn :
 The heathen nation soon shall feel
 The force of our avenging steel.*

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

OTHNIEL, ACHSAH.

OTHNIEL.

Now give the army breath ; let war, a while,
 Smooth his rough front, and wear a chearful smile :
 The interval, if *Achshab* but approve,
 I'll consecrate to virtue, and to love.

A I R.

*Heroes, when with glory burning,
 All their toil with pleasure bear ;
 And believe, to love returning,
 Laurel wreaths beneath their care :
 War to hardy deeds invites,
 Love the danger well requites.*

ACHSAH.

J O S H U A.

ACHSAH.

Indulgent heav'n hath heard my virgin pray'r,
And made my *Othniel* its peculiar care :
When he is absent, sighs my hours employ,
When he returns, transporting is the joy.

A I R.

*As cheers the sun the tender flow'r,
That sinks beneath a falling show'r,
And rears its drooping head ;
Thy presence doth my pow'rs controul,
Darts joy, like light'ning, through my soul,
And all my cares are fled.*

S C E N E V.

To them CALEB.

Sure I'm deceiv'd !---with sorrow I behold---
Let not this folly in the camp be told ;
Now all the youth of *Israel* are in arms,
That *Othniel*, lost in dalliance, shuns th' alarms.

OTHNIEL.

Oh ! why will *Caleb* my fix'd passion blame ?
This spotless object justifies my flame.

CALEB.

No more---it wounds thy fame---daughter retire---

[*Exit Achsah.*]

S C E N E VI.

CALEB, OTHNIEL.

CALEB.

Oh ! let thy bosom glow with warlike fire.

Thou know'st what craft the men of *Gibeon* us'd
T'obtain their league, which else had been refus'd :
Soon did that treaty thro' the heathen ring ;
Adoni-zedek of *Jerusalem* king,
With the confederate pow'rs of most renown,
Have sworn to ruin the revolted town.
Firm to our faith, it never shall be said,
That our allies, in vain, implor'd our aid.

OTHNIEL.

Perish the thought ! while honour hath a name,
Israel's, or *Gibeon's* cause is still the same.

J O S H U A.

A I R.

*Nations, who, in future story,
Wou'd recorded be with glory;
Let them thro' the world proclaim,
Friendship is the road to fame.* [Exeunt,

S C E N E VII.

JOSHUA, CALEB, OTHNIEL, Chiefs, Elders, &c.

The armies of the Israelites and Canaanites prepared for Battle.

JOSHUA.

Brethren, and friends, what joy this day imparts,
To meet such brave, such firm united hearts?
What tho' the tyrants an unnumber'd host;
Their strength in horse, and iron chariots boast?
Now shines the sun, that fixeth Canaan's doom;
Trust in the Lord, and you shall overcome.

[*Warlike symphony. The Armies engage.*

CALEB.

Thus far our cause, is favour'd by the Lord,
Advance, pursue; *Jehovah* is the word!

[*Symphony repeated.*

RECITATIVE *accompany'd.*

JOSHUA.

Oh! thou bright orb, great ruler of the day!
Stop thy swift course, and over Gibeon stay.
And oh! thou milder lamp of light, the moon,
Stand still, prolong thy beams in Ajalon.

C H O R U S.

*Behold! the liss'ning sun, the voice obeys,
And in mid-heav'n his rapid motion stays.
Before our arms, the scatter'd nations fly,
Breathless they pant, they yield, they fall, they die.*

PART.



J O S H U A.

PART III.

JOSHUA, CALEB, OTHNIEL, ACHSAH, &c.

CHORUS.

H AIL! mighty Joshua, hail thy name
Shall soar into immortal fame.
Our children's children shall rehearse
Thy deeds in never-dying verse;
And grateful marbles raise to thee,
Great guardian of our liberty!

ACHSAH. A I R.

Happy, oh thrice happy we,
Who enjoy sweet liberty!
To your sons this gem future,
As bright, as ample, and as pure.

JOSHUA.

Caleb, for holy Eleazer send
And bid the chiefs of Israel all attend,
To execute th' Almighty's great command,
And lot among the tribes the conquer'd land.

CALEB.

CALEB.

With thee, great leader, when *Yephunnib's* son
 Was sent to view the nations thou hast won ;
Hebron obtain'd, we all its produce sought,
 Thick-cluster'd grapes, figs, and pomegranates brought ;
 The men, their prowess carefully survey'd,
 And deem'd the conquest easy to be made.
 Here wou'd I stop---but oh, unhappy fate !
 The tim'rous spies a diff'rent tale relate,
 Increas'd the danger, multiply'd the foe,
 And fill'd some dastard souls with panic woe.

JOSHUA.

Firm as a rock, when billows lash its side,
 Thou didst persist, and all their threats defy'd.
 The men appear'd ; said *Moses*, man of God,
Caleb, the land, whereon thy feet have trod,
 Mark what I say ! for 'tis the will of heav'n,
 Shall be to thee, and to thy children giv'n,
 Behold ! the promise of the man divine
 I ratify, and *Hebron* now is thine.

CALEB.

My cup is full ; how blest in this decree !
 How can my thanks suffice the lord, and thee !

A I R.

*Shall I in Mamre's fertile plain,
 The remnant of my days remain ?
 And is it giv'n to me, to have
 A place with Abrah'm in the grave ?
 For all these mercies I will sing
 Eternal praise to heav'n's high king,
 Chorus of the Tribe of Judah.
 For all these mercies we will sing
 Eternal praise to heav'n's high king.*

OTHNIEL.

O *Caleb*, fear'd by foes, by friends ador'd,
 Well have we paid this tribute to thy sword ;
 But still, to make thine heritage complete,
Debir remains, *Debir* the Giant's seat.

CALEB.

Worn out in war, I find my strength decline,
 Counsel alone, the gift of age is mine.
 Is there a warrior, willing to pursue
 The conquest, and that stubborn town subdue ?
 For him, for his, I amply will provide,
 And to crown all, *Achsah* shall be his bride.

OTH-

OTHNIEL.

Glorious reward ! the task be mine alone ;
Transporting thought ! *Caleb*, the town's thy own.

A I R.

*Place danger around me,
The storm I'll despise ;
What arm shall confound me,
When Achsah's the prize ?*

[Exit.

S C E N E II.

JOSHUA, CALEB, ACHSAH, &c.

C H O R U S.

*Father of mercy, hear the pray'r we make,
And save the hero for his country's sake.*

JOSHUA.

In bloom of youth, this stripling hath atchiev'd
What scarce, in future times, shall be believ'd.
Mankind no sooner did pronounce his name,
But he stood foremost in the rolls of fame :
Tyrants he humbled with the world's applause,
And sav'd his country's liberty and laws.

Chorus of Youths.

*See, the conqu'ring hero comes !
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums.
Sports prepare, the laurel bring,
Songs of triumph to him sing.*

Chorus of Virgins.

*See the godlike youth advance !
Breathe the flutes, and lead the dance :
Myrtle wreaths, and roses twine,
To deck the hero's brow divine.*

Full Chorus.

See the conqu'ring, &c.

S C E N E the LAST.

To them OTHNIEL.

CALEB.

Welcome ! my son, my *Othniel*, good, and great !
The ornament, and champion of the state ;
Take thy reward, the noblest heav'n can raise,
And lasting love adorn your happy days !

OTHNIEL.

OTHNIEL.

What tongue can utter, or what heart conceive
The joy, with which this blessing I receive?

ACHSAH.

Blest be the pow'r, that kept thee safe from harms!
Blest be the pow'r, that gave thee to my arms!

A I R.

*Oh! had I Jubal's sacred lyre,
Or Miriam's tuneful voice!
To sound like his I wou'd aspire,
In songs like her's rejoice:
My humble strains but faintly show,
How much to heav'n, and thee I owe.*

OTHNIEL.

While life shall last, each moment we'll improve
In equal gratitude, and mutual love.

D U E T.

OTHNIEL.

*O peerless maid, with beauty blest,
Of ev'ry pleasing charm possesst;
As first in virtue thou art deem'd,
For truth thou art no less esteem'd,*

ACHSAH.

*O gen'rous youth, whom virtue fires,
And love of liberty inspires;
As first in valour thou art deem'd,
For truth thou art no less esteem'd.*

CALEB.

While lawless tyrants, with ambition blind,
Mock solemn faith, waste worlds, and thin mankind;
Israel can boast a leader, just, and brave,
A friend to freedom, and ordain'd to save.

*Thus bless'd, to heav'n your voices raise
In songs of thanks, and hymns of praise.*

C H O R U S.

*The great Jehovah is our awful theme,
Sublime in majesty, in pow'r supreme.* Hallelujah.

F I N I S.